



SHE CAST NO SHADOW
Cathy Inculet & Wayne Ray

she cast no shadow

BY

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&

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the abyss

He had seen her light on
through the window darkly,
each morning after work.
He tried to cross the abyss
of asphalt to her door,
yet felt helpless like snowfall on cedars,
ready to melt.

Why didn't she look out the window just to see
the morning light that paled against his heart.
Again and again he tossed it toward her door,
a snowball getting smaller in a slowly melting roll
across the black and wide sun warming road
until only a tiny snowflake at its core
was left to reach and softly kiss her door.

**ode to del
for wayne**

He tipped the waitress
with whom he had been flirting
innocuously, innocently, in well received fun
he lasciviously tucked a two dollar coin
beneath the saucer
feeling its movement
imbuing it with his essence
metal touching cheap crockery
a symbolic molecular contact
that could never be a melding
and in the infinitessimal distance
lay the chasm of the joke
that might jolt her when she cleared the table. .

the sound of your femininity

Though some would disagree,
I find the sound of your femininity
soothing, I close my eyes.
Dream precipitation dreams
and know that she is calm again.

Calm! What, me calm?
Precipitating? Can rain sleet and
snow all over you!
Or I can send a soft mist
to embrace you.

True, you can rain in on me,
bathe the conscious unconsciousness but,
the sound of your femininity is soothing
whether your winter of discontent
hides in the brambled forest of your love
or reflects in the still waters.

My femininity is there
for your choosing,
for your asking,
I am glad it soothes you.
Perhaps like a walk in the forest
Perhaps like a cool swim with no clothes on.

Forest of my love?
Oh Come On!
Who are you trying to impress?
My love is not a forest,
It is a single tree which managed to grow
in a single spot of cultured sunshine.

pasta

She fed him pasta
and conversation.
He ate and listened.

Too much at times.
He wrote his thoughts
on the gastronomic and
wanted them published,
so he could become
Mr. Globe & Male.

Have you finished yet?
She asked,
watching him lick his fork
of herb and spice tomato sauce.

He was surprised
that she had asked.

Would you like something else
She asked.

He said no, licked his fork,
left an unfinished plate
and sat down to read
the paper.

Yesterday's news.
No matter.
He savoured it as deliciously
as he had his pasta,
and with more interest.

She licked her fingers
but it was only to turn the pages.
She wasn't pretending to read.

Yes, I was reading,
in my heart leading,
and my friend,
you were patient,
and did not consider
my reading
as superceding
our friendship.

Will you lick your fingers to
turn the pages?
Or will you consider the pages
And the licking
to be indicative to our friendship?
Lick, my friend.
Turn pages.

I rose up from the bottom
for cathy

1
God Damn it Max!
2
O God the railings missing
3
I love you leave your wife
4
Remember when we recited poetry in the snow
5
In the old house there was a fire, I was scared
6
I love you where are you
7
Climb up and get that wrench out of the tree
8
If you can come in and sign the house papers today, I
10
Mommy - Daddy
11 . . .

I rise up from the bottom of the stairs
crimson eye lid stains on the window sill
and adam/eve pain in my chest
to faintly see the cat at the top still
unmoved, licking her ass as I landed on mine.

I thought sex was just for courting
for cathy

Really, I thought sex was just for courting,
for poking the pud after a good meal when
the flowers you gave her were in her eyes,
and your mind just wasn't on the wedding
but wedged in the dark moist of her thighs.

Really, I thought sex was just for courting,
it's been so long I wondered why she wept,
and how she wanted to keep it up all night
when I could have slept and the making
of marriage would do things up all right.

She's replaced me with the spices of the East
and oiled her body to be a culinary delight.
Her cucumber legs and creamy yogurt thighs
on a pita bread bum can be quite a feast
but I prefer to work like all the macho guys.

I tried to show her who the boss should be,
that she should show more respect for me,
but she fell on my fist and now I'm sulking
because I thought sex was just for courting.

her house needed dusting

Generally, she considered the
mail, to be unimportant.
Less important than her chairs anyway,

but at least the floors were polished
and the house was landscaped.

But her house needed dusting
and her mail needed dusting,
in that indescribable way
of frustrating things.

Dusting is such a waste of time, she said,
like getting the mail everyday.

Was the potted plant too green
or the thoughts of dusting overblown?
Who wanted to move the bicycle, anyway?

Darn it all, even the plants are dusty.
Dusting plants? Don't we have anything
better to do?
The bicycle is my business.
Yes, it's dusty.
None of your business.

Why is the cat the only one
in the house that can scratch its back?
I could if I tried but the Venetian
blinds are open to the neighbors.

Okay, so I will close the blinds.
They're pretty dusty anyway,
and I will try to lick my back . . .
Just Did It!
You Missed It!
Too Late!
Too bad!

Were you not paying attention?
To the mail and chairs and the dust
and me?

The mail is delivered.
The chairs sat upon.
The dust scattered,
and I am all of that.

Rooms and rafters, kitchen sink,
Oh God, I forgot about the tiles,
and the empty fish tank.
Screw the dust and put the lid down!
Shuffle, shuffle. Room to room.
Trees on the lawn, grass is green,
so are the walls, golden mailbox,
Golden shower to wash the dust.

Save the grapes!
Yes, yes, I'll feed the fish.
They yell at me.
You don't need me.

Cat drinks the guppies water
and not the guppies themselves.
Survival of the fittest, but
my weight loss has my pants
falling down, scuffing dust.
No belt, no mail, no more grapes.

My cat drinks the fish water.
Do you have a problem with that?

If you don't want
dust
on your cuffs
next time, bring a mop!

Sorry,
I didn't mean to say that.
You brought your friendship
and that was more than enough,
more than receiving mail,
much better than dust.

I will give you string
to hold up your pants,
my friend.
I will buy you a belt
if that is what you need.
As for the grapes,
they are fungible things.
I can get some more.
Be content my friend,
in grapes and love.

Grapes and Love?!
All the while, I've sat on the stairs
and observed your eating habits,
cleaning habits . . . but love?

Place a grape in your naval,
I will eat it.
Show me your vine and I will
make wine, but love?

Dust that off and your mail box
will be full, maybe I don't need
a belt to love your dust,
your fish. Feel my shadow!
Bring me my wine! . . . and the mail!

Place a grape
upon my chair
my love.

I checked my mail
and there was no letter from you.
My cat looked at me,
askance.
I just needed communication
from someone
from you
from a potted plant
from my cat
from a fish.

I placed a grape on my chair,
next to an unopened letter.
Stairs are funny things,

they assaulted me once
or maybe it was caused by the cat,
no matter.

A shadow being cast
when one goes up and down
the stairs.

If no shadow was cast,
then did I not go up,
or down, or was sunlight
the only factor, on my back
or in my eyes.
Blinded by the thought of high noon?

Nah, they were Venetian blinds,
slats of light.
No high noon here.
Today anyway.
To someone who used to live here.

I sat and looked at them
My cat looked at me.
I don t think the fish cared.

Used to live here? I live here still!
Among the dust and the clutter
or your grapevine heart.
Place the cat on your lap, listen
to the soft rhythm of the fish tank.
Close your eyes and feel
my empathetic love, my letters
are written on the dust hanging in the air.

When you move from room to room,
I speak to you, I can be read
on everything if you just open your heart.
Sleep and my letters settle on your eye s.
I touch your skin, taste your sweet wine.

Save the grapes!

two jim

In all the world he did not know
how to say I love you
to the ones that mattered the most.

No,
It wasn't that he didn't know how to say it,
it was that he did not know how to say it so
that they would understand.

In all the world she did know
how to say I love you
to the ones that mattered the most.
It wasn't that she knew how to say it,
it was that they did not know it
when she smiled and her lips didn't move.

But he said it anyway
to the still lips that screamed I love you.
Eyes were opaque
and they became two mouths talking.
Drum and anvil poised, unused.

I love you.
Doesn't matter.
Wait come back,
I wanted to . . .
I wanted to . . .
Never mind

They pulled away from the mirrors, speaking
thoughts intermingled in time/space
simultaneous hearts bleeding until
in person he read her lips, understanding.

She heard his voice vaguely, understanding
and they stood there
wanting to hold hands
both too shy to go first,
lost in the barrens of closeness.

I love you he thought.
I love you she thought
She smiled, he was looking at her hands.

He could not raise his eyes
Try as he might
To look at her eyes
He got to her mouth
Back to her hands
Hands mouth hands
Damn it why wouldn't she look at him

And then he knew
She didn't need to

twelve Steps
for cathy

Drinking makes me relax
and the night sky s
moon shadow every addict smile
will fade one day soon.

Drinking, pull that moon shadow
off my shoulders, relax
my stars, my no sun day
or all night moon shine.

Only twelve steps to sunlight,
a day I've not seen
in a life time of
drinking. Shall I relax?
One more time . . .
One more Time.

unfinished poem

One day more.
If you would hold me
One day more
and do not judge me
or ask me
what for.

Before, I just felt
comfortable.
Now I just feel naked
when chatter
interferes with my fantasies.

Are you naked yet?
I'm lying here and
gyrating with the
overhead fan blowing
a cool breeze
toward my lungs.

the underbelly of life
for cathy

Seeing you in a night shirt
that hides the underbelly of life
as if the dark side of jeans
was not enough to inspire warmth,
standing half-naked in the shadows
of my imagination I kneel down
and kiss the smile that no one sees

wrenchly on elias
june 16 1999,
for catherine

There are new roots
in my yard from the
not yet a tree, tree.

What life force guides these tendons
into the rooms when the
new skin of wood clings
to the walls. Leaves become
painted onto the lattice skeleton
as the not yet a tree, tree
comes alive.

From the outside of the house
a light is seen while the flowers
bloom near the stairs, filling
the upper rooms with life.
The not yet a tree, tree
grows through me.